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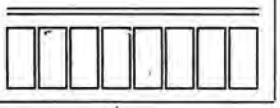
Senior Year Book



Published by

The Class of 1919

Nazareth Academy

Rochester, New York

"Dominus Illuminatio Mea"

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Dedication

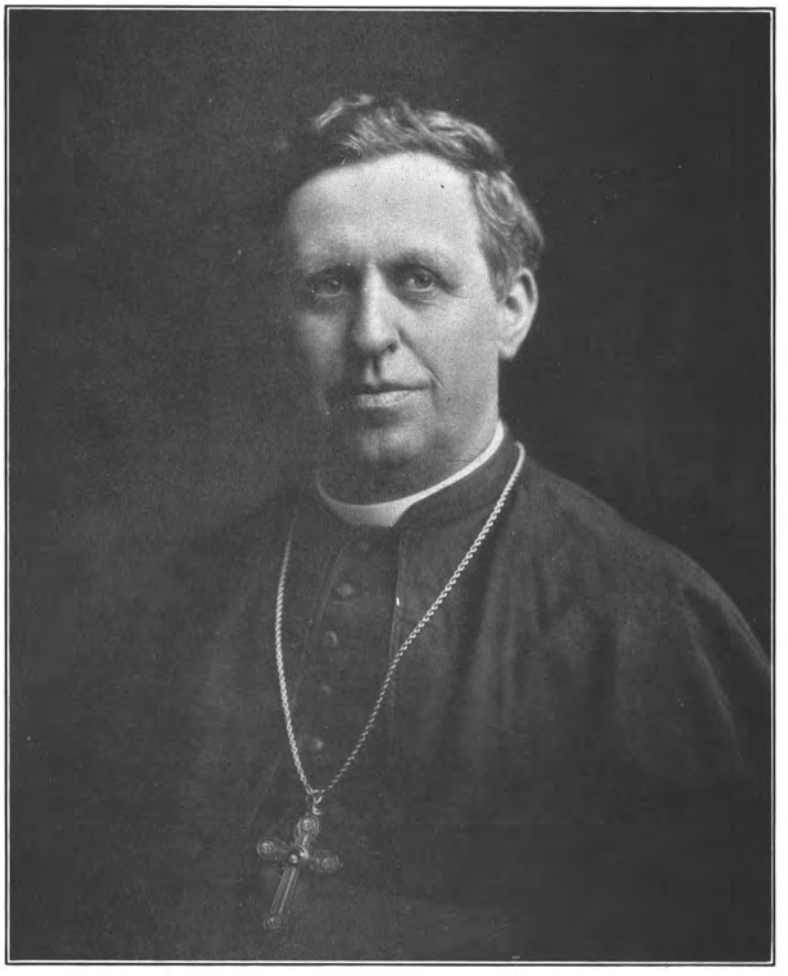
The class of 1919 beg the honor of
dedicating their Year Book to the loved and venerated

Reverend Mother Agnes

who completes this, her Fiftieth Year of service
consecrated to the honor and glory of God
and to the spreading of His Kingdom in the
hearts of men through the work of Religious Education.
They esteem it their highest privilege to have been
witnesses and partakers in the fruits of a life
great in its nobility of purpose, great in its humble
self-effacement in the presence of magnificent achievement,
and great in its far-reaching and permanent influence,
through a large and strong organization
of a teaching Sisterhood,
in the upbuilding of high moral character,
loyal citizenship and the ideals of a Christian home.

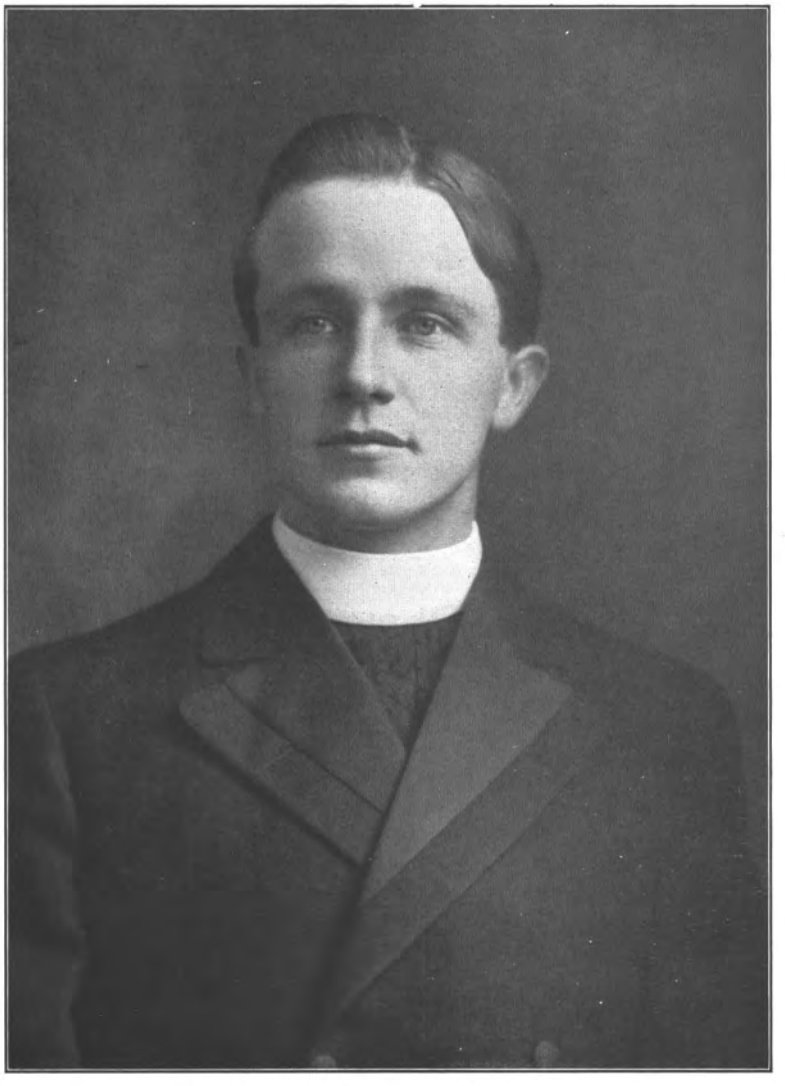
Our Greeting

THE Members of the Senior Class of 1919 take great pleasure in presenting to their friends this record of their happy days at Nazareth. It is their hope and ardent desire that the contents of this book will meet the approval of both teachers and friends and will serve as a lasting memorial of a happy girlhood. It will recall the pleasant experiences of the years spent under the protection of their Alma Mater whom they will always hold in grateful, loving memory. They therefore present the book to their kind readers as a source of entertainment and mayhap as containing some slight element of permanent good that will give pleasure to the circle of their interested friends.



RT. REV. THOMAS F. HICKEY, D. D.

Former Principal of Nazareth Academy



REV. EDWARD B. SIMPSON, Ph. D.

Instructor in Religion

A Tribute to Reverend Mother Agnes

On the occasion of her Golden Jubilee

Words are as west winds blowing,
  They murmur—and are past.
The current of a great life flowing.
  Leaves impress on its marge to last.
    The great deed, where'er 'tis done,
    Eternal impulse has begun.

A power abides, transfused from soul to soul,
  Awaking life that thrills along the blood;
That points a sun-lit way, a gleaming goal;
  That lifts the gates, the heart's dry fields to flood.
    At its touch springs forth a fount
    That unto life eterne doth mount.

To-day we gaze upon a vision splendid,
  Gleaming all golden in the glowing west.
It weaves the scenes of fifty years now ended,
  Since erst began the ardent, Godward quest,
    As in his web the mystic, Time,
    Sets threads or trivials or sublime.

An inward vision it reflects, now born
  In high-souled, living works complete,
Clear-limned in colors of the morn,
  With noble touch of sacrifice replete.
    Embodied here a life's ideal—
    High faith alone could make it real.

A leader she, of leaders, whom we point
  With pride, among earth white-souled throng;
The doers, whom doth God anoint
  With power that makes life's forces strong;
    High-poised example of the quiet mind,
    To lowly as to lofty thought inclined.

Her gleaming lamp that shone o'er spaces bare,
  Lent of its flame and multiplied its own.
To scatter darkling shade her life's high care,
  In faith's white light reflected from God's throne.
    New-trimmed her lamp, she listed for the Voice
    That bade her spirit soar, her heart rejoice.

O soul of gentle mood! so simply great!
  The winged years that winnow chaff from grain,
As bend their pinions toward the western gate,
  Are bringing golden harvest-sheaves amain,
    Rich sheaves all weighted with the gold of love,
    The grand completeness of thy life to prove.

Academic Class

Monica R. Bertsch, 120 Birr St.

Holy Rosary

This bright-eyed Miss is Monica Bertsch;
To find such another, you'll have to search
The realms of heaven and also of earth,
For of such as she, there is a dearth.

Estelle C. Biedenbach, 226 Gregory St.

Saint Boniface

So wise and clever
Is our Estelle.
In more than learning
Does she excel.

Frances B. Boppel, 90 Culver Road

Sacred Heart Academy

Tall and fair with nut-brown hair,
With whom no other can compare.
We leave our school days with regret,
But parting from her will be harder yet.

Marie B. Burmeister, 235 Central Park

St. Francis Xavier

I cannot tell what others think
About our "sweet Marie";
But for myself, she seems to link
Past joys with joys to be.

Mildred A. Burns, 35 Otis St.

Holy Apostles

Mildred had a little laugh,
Its notes went up the scale,
But when she went to Virgil class,
It turned into a whale (wail).

Catherine E. Cook, W. Brighton, N. Y.

St. Boniface

There is a girl named Katherine Cook,
And whenever you see her she has a book;
But whether she opens it, we cannot say,
You just never can tell about our "K."

Avis M. Cotter, **Merrifield, N. Y.**

Rural School No. 6

She sits in the rear of the study hall,
Because she happened to grow so tall,
We've naught but praise for this fair lass,
The joy and sunshine of every class.

Elizabeth D. Cronin, **58 Upton Place**

Holy Cross, Charlotte

Kinks in graceful riot
But not a kink to spare;
But when she tries to comb it,
I'll bet it makes her—smile.

Helen J. Cunningham,
264 Plymouth Ave.

Immaculate Conception

Helen takes Virgil, O My! Yes.
The reason of this you never could guess,
This sweet, happy lassie thinks like us all,
That Virgil shouldn't have lived at all.

Kathryn G. Damm, **397 Raines Park**

St. Francis Xavier

The things amiss that Katy-did
You'll search with a glass to find them.
You'll find that Katy didn't though,
Of 19's faults remind them.

Helen M. Dunn, **153 Berkeley St.**

Nazareth Grammar

In all her studies Helen shines,
But to social art she most inclines,
Her eyes are full of laughter gay,
Her heart is full of sunlit May.

Cecilia A. Frey, **83 Bradburn St.**

St. Monica

An excuse she concocts in a trice,
Nor uses the same one twice.
As yet she is unknown to fame,
But in the world she'll make a name.

Alma Gaenzler, 104 Hickory St.

St. Boniface

"Alma, what is your name?"
"Alma, what is your game?"
A member of the faculty?
That, we think, you'll never be."

Emma G. Gordon,
109 S. Meadow St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Immaculate Conception (Ithaca)

A model student have we here,
A girl to everyone most dear.
Her dreamy eyes and smile so sweet,
Keep all her classmates at her feet.

Grace L. Griffith, 41 Lake View Park

No. 7

Grace by nature as by name,
Each day finds hre quite the same.
In each heart she has a place
That could be filled by none but Grace.

Marion J. Hafner, 143 N. Union St.

Nazareth Grammar

"Happy's" always chasing rainbows,
And a dandy girl is she.
We like her a lot, I tell you what,
For she's as "Happy" as she can be.

Anne M. Hanna, 37 Park View

Nazareth Grammar

Anne endeavors to keep her desk neat,
But without crepe paper it would not be complete.
She tries (almost always) her teachers to please,
And yet finds much time to enjoy at her ease.

Marguerite H. Harvey, Lima, N. Y.

This new girl is far from grave,
She just can't make her eyes behave,
With the piano, starts her feet,
And all in all, she is "toot sweet."

Anna C. Harper, 57 Fulton Ave.

Cathedral

Neither sad nor sorrowful,
In June or in November.
The country that's so powerful,
She simply can't remember.

Marie E. Harrison, 76 Evergreen St.

Cathedral

There's a dainty member of our class,
As bright as she can be;
She's such a quiet, knowing lass,
Our prim little Miss Marie.

Margaret M. Kennedy,
W. Bloomfield, N. Y.

W. Bloomfield Grammar School

Marg is a boarder from afar;
A gentle, mild, particular star,
Whose light illuminates and cheers,
And her calm peaceful way endears.

Helen A. Long, 178 Adams St.

Immaculate Conception

Who'd ever suspect this little lass
To be the president of our class.
Despite her size of four feet one,
She has all our affections won.

Jean R. McLean, 144 Seneca Parkway

Sacred Heart Academy

A Highland lassie she may be,
But at any rate you'll find,
Jean a type of courtesy,
High in spirit, thought and mind.

Isabel F. Meisenzahl, 736 Portland Ave.

Holy Redeemer

Her mind is so busy,
Her tongue is so quizzy,
She'd make your head dizzy,—
Our gay little Izzy.

Lucile E. Mooney, 262 Plymouth Ave.

Immaculate Conception

Lucile is something of a strategist,
A skilled one at the art,
In other words, Lucile can stall,
For which we bless her, one and all.

Sadie B. Murray, 5 Strathallan Park

Sacred Heart Academy

Ten years from 1919,
What cause will our Sadie be aiding?
A lawyer at the bar, mayhap,
With her soft, kind, voice persuading.

Laura M. O'Neill, 399 Plymouth Ave.

Immaculate Conception

Oh so frizzy! in she comes
On Oral English day,
Showing plainly to her chums
How comfortless she lay
The night before on downy bed,
With those kid curlers on her head.

Helen E. Oster, 439 Lake Ave.

Nazareth Grammar

Helen is funny, very petite,
Helen likes everything just tout sweet.
Helen can dance, Helen can sing,
Helen can do almost anything.

Leonilda C. Petrossi, 44 Spiegel Park

Our Lady of Mt. Carmel

With hair so black, and eyes so bright,
She is our "phantom of delight";
Obliging, cheerful, passing kind,
And constant as the sun, you'll find.

Rosalie F. Powers, 1 Willowbank Place

SS. Peter and Paul

A charming, curly-headed lass,
Who seldom cuts a history class,
Who never comes to school too soon,
But lands, at least, this side of noon.

Martha M. Reichert, 83 Hempel St.

St. Francis Xavier

Softly treading at 8:54,
Martha enters the Study Hall Door.
She can't see how there's anything wrong
In not being there at the stroke of the gong.

Agnes I. Rickert,
39 Heir Apartments, Syracuse, N. Y.

Nazareth Grammar

So tall, so stately, gracefully shy,
Here's to the president of Beta Phi!
Full of fun and makes things go;
Wonder not, we love her so.

Dorothy K. Reynolds, 166 Merriman St.

Corpus Christi

A girl of worth, as you can see,
Of charming grace and modesty;
A trifle small we will admit,
But big enough to make a hit.

Ruth L. Richardson, 6 Costar St.

SS. Peter and Paul

Of course, our Ruth we won't have long,
To other halls she'll stray.
She'll don the garb of sombre hue—
At least, that's what they say.

Adelaide M. Reid, 33 Magnolia St.

Immaculate Conception

Adelaide in Spanish shines,
For she can read between the lines.
There's reason enough as you may know,
Which shows our Addie's not so slow.

Florence C. Riley, Spencerport, N. Y.

Spencerport High School

Flossie, our Flossie,
Our blue-eyed, saucy pal.
With fun she's bubbling over,
And her spirits you cannot quell.

Annette M. Roncone, 94 Lorimer St.

St. Anthony

You ought to know our Nettie,
She isn't much for sighs,
With her jazz a la Milanetti,
And the twinkle in her eyes.

Rita M. Schafer, 31 Bond St.

St. Mary

When Rita came to Nazareth she had curls down her back,
When Rita was a Sophomore those curls, alack! alack!
Though now a senior, grave and tall,
She fondly clings to curls and all.

Catherine G. Seabry, 14 Straub St.

Holy Rosary

Here's to our Laurie!
A regular fellow is she.
At times we're even sorry
That no more than a role, it can be.

Marion Seamans, Augustine St.

A Seaman came in the early fall,—
With open arms was received by all.
She never intends to follow the sea,
But turns instead to chemistry.

Lois Angela Sharpe, 57 Lake View Park

Nazareth Grammar

She has the blackest curls 'neverything,
The cutest way 'neverything,
She's just an angel child,
And would win your heart 'ranything.

Catherine M. Slattery, Lima, N. Y.

St. Rose

She's the daughter of Mother Machree,
Our Colleen so quiet and beautiful.
We love her as much as can be,
For her sweet ways so kindly and dutiful.

Catherine C. Stokes,
179 Driving Park Ave.

Holy Rosary

This little lady manages to conceal
And tries very hard never never to reveal
Her virtues we know she does possess
Beneath her calm exterior, nevertheless.

Madeline M. Stokes,
179 Driving Park Ave.

Holy Rosary

So like her sister is she,
That perhaps twins they might be,
If we did not know otherwise;
Now which is the older, you may surmise.

Ruth M. Sullivan, 71 Otis St.

Holy Apostles

You can't deny your Irish,
"I wouldn't try to," says Ruth,
With her eyes so kinda smilish
And her heart all kindness and truth.

Helen C. Washluske, 180 Raines Park

Sacred Heart

Another senior of famous '19
Let me introduce to you;
"Maid in America," the finest yet seen,
We warrant our Helen true blue.

Elsie Waterhouse, 42 Rugby Ave.

St. Augustine

Elsie is a Senior,
"Whodathunkit?" I hear you say,
She's no bigger than a Frosh,
Yet she's 18 to the day.

Commercial Class

Evangeline M. Baird, 94 Pearl St.

Schomberg High School

As sweet as the perfume that goes
From the heart of a fragrant rose,
Is this maiden we here behold.

Edna L. Begy, 281 Averill Ave.

St. Mary

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eyes,
Like stars gleaming out from the blue of the skies.

Monica E. Britt, 138 Genesee St.

Immaculate Conception

A pleasing way, a pretty face
Are assets nowadays;
But Monica has other traits
Which, too, deserve much praise.

Florence S. Bullinger, 122 Campbell St.

Nazareth Grammar

Her voice is ever soft,
Gentle, and low—
An excellent quality in youth.

Ida E. Burnett, 18 Robin St.

Holy Apostles

Always agreeable, never bold;
Always does the thing she's told.

Esther B. Burton, 6 Kay Terrace

No. 7

A pretty maiden so fine and fair,
With dreamy eyes and pretty brown hair.

Loretta C. Clancy, 525 Kossuth St.

Holy Apostles

Hard work daunts her not.

Marie F. Devereaux, 967 S. Goodman St.

Blessed Sacrament

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

Marie A. Dwyer, 299 Parsells Ave.

Nazareth Grammar

To see her is to love her,
And love her then forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another.

Agnes M. Eagan, Henrietta, N. Y.

Cathedral

Of all the girls that are so dear,
There's none like our own Agnes;
Who broke no promise, served no end,
Who gained no title, but lost no friend

Magdalen C. Ehmann, 647 Linden St.

St. Boniface

With eyes like violets,
Lips so gay,
Cheeks like roses that ne'er fade away,
She resembles a big bouquet.

Catherine A. Farrell, 7 Flint Place

SS. Peter and Paul

I am here but few know it.

Catherine Finnity, 248 Bryan St.

Holy Rosary

A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been our lot to meet.

Cathryn J. Flanagan, 224 Center St.

Athens High School, Athens, Pa.

Character makes its own destinies.

Bernadine M. Garvey, 224 Breck St.

Holy Apostles

Brightness, cheerfulness, lovableness,
All combine in her.

Lynn Jeannette Geen, 356 Carter St.

Washington Junior High

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one would read
A true and holy book."

Vera R. Geilus, 14 Fulton Ave.

No. 6 School

Along her laughter ripples
The melody of joy;
She drinks from every chalice
And tastes of no alloy.

Mary E. Hendrick, 96 High St.

Corpus Christi

"There are gains for all losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when this sweet maid departs,
She takes something from our hearts
That will ne'er return again."

Louise Henner, 86 Raines Park

St. Michael

Your eyes I think are hazel-blue,
Your smile I know is charming,
But when I try to fathom you,
My task grows quite alarming.

Helen G. Hennessy, 155 Bartlett St.

Immaculate Conception

Simple duty hath no fear.

Marguerite M. Holihan, 83 Sherwood Ave.

St. Augustine

Her heart aglow with a fire of resolution.

Anna E. Iverson, 115 Argo Park

Immaculate Conception

Now, if you're sad or have the blues,
Or if you want the latest news,
Try Anna.

Evelyn M. Johnroe, 162 Clay Ave.

Blessed Sacrament

'Tis modesty that makes her seem divine.

Myrtle G. Kier, 100 Villa St.

Holy Rosary

Her serene dignity never fails.

Cecilia P. Kimpson, 235 Ravine Ave.

Holy Rosary

Modest and simple and sweet,
The very type of Priscilla.

Mildred M. Listman, 123 Myrtle St.

Holy Apostles

A rose with all its sweetest leaves
Yet unfolded.

Marguerite M. McDonald,
442 Plymouth Ave.

Immaculate Conception

Maiden with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.

Cecilia M. McLaughlin, 1278 Lyell Ave.

Holy Apostles

She was first in work, first in fun,
And first in the hearts of her classmates.

Helen B. McNulty, 432 Arnett Blvd.

Corpus Christi

How dreary and lonely
This old world would appear,
If a girl like our Helen
Did not cheer us here.

J. Veronica Maher, Ovid, N. Y.

Ovid High School

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

Frances D. Mascari, 9 Weld St.

St. Joseph

Is it your curly head, or your heart so true?
I think it is your pleasing way,
That attracts us to you.

Helen D. Mathews, 62 Ardmore St.

St. Augustine

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Teckla F. Miller, West Henrietta, N. Y.

Good Shephard

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
As a womanly woman or a noble sage?

Frances J. Montague, 187 Brooks Ave.

Holy Apostles

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers;
There is no blessedness like theirs."

Rose Ella Neary, Greece, N. Y.

St. John

Somewhere, somehow, sometime, I think
I'll try to do some awful shocking thing,
So folks won't think me shy.

Agnes T. Neirocker, 150 Warwick Ave.

St. Augustine

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Irene A. Nolan, 224 Weldon St.

St. Patrick

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles"
Wreath her face in bewitching smiles.

Catherine A. O'Connor, 54 Gardiner Av.

St. Augustine

Katy did and Katy didn't,
But she did much more than she didn't;
Health, happiness and joy combined,
An American maid of the very best kind.

Sara A. Quigley, 54 Bloss St.

Holy Rosary

Maiden with those laughing eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies.

May V. Ramsey, 68 Sherman St.

Holy Apostles

We hear her talk in her gentle voice,
For May never makes much noise;
And see her smiling when we're blue,
As if some joke were leaking through.

Dosithea J. Norman, 625 Linden St.

Blessed Sacrament

Her worth is warrant for her welcome.

Grace M. Reagan, 81 Brayer St.

Holy Apostles

Her motto: Never be ashamed to say
"I do not know."
People will then believe you
When you say "I do know."

Elizabeth J. Riordan, 327 Plymouth Av.

St. John the Evangelist

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."

Dolores E. Rothenbuecher, 189 Clifton St.

SS. Peter and Paul

Her heart is too light to bother with trivial cares.

Marian E. Rugraff, 6 Rugraff St.

Holy Family

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.

A. Dolores Saffran, 512 Campbell St.

Holy Family

If doing nightwork makes you pass,
Dolores' average will be highest in the class.

Genevieve D. Schiffhauer, Gates, N. Y.

Holy Rosary

Rare strength of character and untiring industry.

Marie E. Schoenherr, 1216 Clinton Ave. N.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

A nice girl, a bright girl, a girl with eyes so blue;
A pretty girl, a charming girl, a girl both good and true.

Pauline T. Schwartz, 4285 Lake Ave.

Holy Cross

"A violet hidden by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

Eleanor M. Shannon, 222 Glenwood Ave.

Holy Rosary

With disposition genial and affectionate.

M. Virginia Siegrist, 60 Lake Ave.

Cathedral

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon our sight."

Veronica M. Sigler, 8 Terry St.

Cathedral

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Ottilia M. Spang, 871 Smith St.

SS. Peter and Paul

"Her air, her smile, her motions told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness."

Elizabeth M. Tobin, 54 Hazelwood Ter.

Corpus Christi

That smile! Who could not tell her
sunny disposition!

Lucille C. Vogt, 137 Lincoln St.

Nazareth Academy

In school work she's efficient,
At home a source of praise.

Margaret Whalen,
26 Franklin St., Batavia, N. Y.

St. Mary

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
"I'm going a-traveling, sir," she said;
"My home's in Batavia, it beats, you'll agree,
Rochester. Prove it? Just come and see."

Gertrude M. Weisensel, 63 Colvin St.

SS. Peter and Paul

Just gaze upon this countenance,
So calm and dignified!
But no one knows what mischief
Those soft blue eyes can hide.

Margaret M. Wolfe,
310 Driving Park Ave.

Holy Rosary

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise,"
For she is earnest, she is gay,
In her quiet, cheerful way.

Olive M. Yeoman, 57 Lozier St.

Immaculate Conception

Olive is an artist
Who pictures mirth and fun,
And many are the laurels
That she has earned and won.

Graduates in Music

AT the Commencement Exercises this year Nazareth Academy will present three graduates from the Music Course: Marie E. Magin, of 312 Bernard Street, Edith G. Norman, 625 Linden Street, and Gertrude M. Paille of Greece, N. Y. Marie E. Magin graduated from the Classical Course of Nazareth Academy in June, 1917.

Gertrude Paille is also a Nazareth Classical graduate of the class of 1918.

The three young ladies have completed the prescribed course in Piano-forte and are

expecting to receive also a State diploma in music as the result of the coming Regents Examination. The customary Recital given by the graduates in music will occur in the early part of June. It will doubtless be an occasion to afford special delight to lovers of music, since it will represent the best efforts of these highly talented young women.

✣ ✣

Dear home of girlhood, I fortell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you,
Thus, while the sun sinks down to rest
Far in the regions of the west,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose. —Wordsworth.

Commencement Speakers

Salutatorian
ESTELLE C. BIEDENBACH

Valedictorian
KATHRYN G. DAMM

Class Officers

President
HELEN A. LONG

Vice-President
ELIZABETH D. CRONIN

Secretary
MAY V. RAMSEY

Treasurer
OTILLIA M. SPANG

Patriotic Activities

DURING the past year two Government war loans have been floated, one the Liberty Loan, and the other, the Victory Loan. When each and every individual was called upon to help out in the great crisis, a situation unparalleled in history, since the lives and destinies of nations were in the balance, Nazareth took her stand as a unit.

It needed no urging on the part of anyone to impress upon these girls the need of prompt action at such a perilous time. Every student of Nazareth was represented in the great drives. The response to both these loans has been very gratifying.

A bond of one hundred dollars was bought by the Senior class. The Junior Class subscribed to a fifty dollar bond; the Sophomore to a hundred dollar bond. A bond of two hundred dollars was purchased by the other classes of the school, fifty dollars of which was contributed by Division A, while B and C Divisions combined bought a fifty dollar bond and twenty-five dollars worth of War Savings stamps. First Year Commercial classes bought fifty dollars worth of War Savings as did also the pupils of the Grammar Department.

The spirit of patriotism evoked on these occasions, the love that each student showed for her country, was a cause of just pride in the heart of every student of Nazareth.

—Bessie D. Cronin.

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITORIAL BOARD

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A Party

One day the girls decided
To have a little spread;
But ere things were provided,
The rules we must hear read.

So delegates were chosen
To clear the stony way,
Get leave to honor duly,
St. Valentine's own day.

"Remember, girls, your training
As young ladies of this school;
There, then, must be no dancing,
For 'tis against the rule."

'19 is so original,
They'll trump up other fun;
And crowd it into two short hours;
At five, all must be gone.

With laughter, games and singing,
The merry moments flew;
Until regretfully they bade
Farewell to guests in blue.

—Isabel Meisenzahl.

The Four Years' Struggle

THE year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifteen marked the beginning of **one** of the greatest, if not **the** greatest, epochs in the annals of history. For did not that year witness the beginning and rapid progress of the War of Nations, and did it not also mark the beginning of the career of the illustrious Division of 1919? In the fall of that never-to-be-forgotten year we were mustered into service. Then followed the period of intensive training and rigorour drill under our commanders. We were blessed with the very best and ablest of Officers by whose ability and devotion to duty we were instructed and drilled in the great art that would enable us to advance with confidence into the enemy's country without fear of an ignominious defeat and rout.

After some time spent in the preliminary training, learning a variety of tactics and maneuvers we made our first solid advance; and by the time the first phase of the campaign was over and the first reckonings were made the September rpeort showed many severe encounters, much hard fighting, some losses of ground; but on the whole a decided gain, several examples of bravery nad the bestowal of a few "croix de guerre."

Our first campaign lasted nine long and weary months, after which a respite of three months was granted in recognition of our faithful service. Upon our return from the summer rest camp our entire company was transferred to new barracks, more pretentious and comfortable than our former abode. In January of that year and again in June we were forced to take the defensive rather than the offensive in those two momentous drives. However, we came out with flying colors.

Encouraged by our success in the June drive we came back to camp in September highly enthusiastic to meet and conquer the enemy. Many skirmishes of more or less importance and several historic battles took place in the course of the year but fortunately our casualty list has not been heavy. However, three of our beloved comrades, by name Clara Wahl, Marie Bell and Lois Hagerty have been transferred from our ranks to join that greater and nobler army, the Army of God, to devote their lives "All that they are and all that they have" to the direct service of the King.

The campaign of 1917-18 was signalized by many skirmishes within the enemy lines and a few gas attacks which resulted in permanent stupifaction in several cases. During this campaign greater opportunity was offered for the social side of camp life. Literary entertainment was provided in the S. S. Hall by prominent speakers who were invited from time to time. Entertainment of a livelier nature, with imposing "spreads," was also provided on special occasions in the M. C. L. Room. On the whole the campaign of the third year of the great conflict was quite successful.

The following September we again returned from rest camp with renewed vigor for we had been informed that gradually the enemy was weakening. The end was even then in sight. We entered again into the combat with a new spirit and a firm determination to overcome the enemy and force them to surrender. In the spring the famous offensive drive began and lasted until June. This drive so completely exhausted the enemy that they were only too glad to surrender to the superior foe. The Armistice was signed during the famous week of June 16-20, otherwise known as Regents week. The fighting then ceased on every front, and there was great rejoicing with bonfires and all manner of celebrations. A peace treaty was drawn up and signed, and a few days later special exercises were held. when we were given our honorable discharge papers and sent back to civilian life with a word of exhortation to make as great a success of our lives in the world as we had made of our four years' stay at Camp Nazareth.

—Marie E. Harrison.

Our Missing Companion

IN January of her second year at Nazareth Academy, our Lord took home our beloved classmate, Marie A. Burns. Our class grieved deeply for this loss, for one of the sweetest and loveliest of our band had been taken. However, we have now come to the realization that our loss was her gain, for I am sure that she has achieved the goal for which each and every one of us is earnestly striving, a happy place in the security and blessedness of that Home of peace and love.

Marie was a girl to whom we all felt we could go for advice, aid and encouragement, and be sure of receiving it. A more conscientious worker or a truer friend it would indeed be difficult to find. She was an example of everything that is good and upright. Because she was so exemplary a companion in her gracious ways, her lightheartedness and in her devotion to duty, her influence was strong and always for good and her memory is a source of pure and tender joy, of high thought and lovely aspiration. Both as a sweet companion and as a friend in Heaven, Marie still belongs to us, and we confidently expect that with the old sweet gayety, she will come to welcome us one by one, as the gleaming gates roll back for us when, at last, we too have arrived at our Father's Home of joy and love and light.

—Marie E. Harrison.

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Class of '19

(Sung to the tune of "Mother Machree.")

I

We must leave the dear home we all love so well,
And every dear spot that a story can tell,
From courtyard to gate, from playground to hall;
Oh! It grieves us, it grieves us to part from it all.

II

How we've run to the gym when the dance had begun
Shall we ever in future have quite so much fun?
Oh, the old days so careless, so happy and gay!
Oh, we'll think of them always and love thee, N. A.

III

Sure, we love the old class-room, so dear to us all,
Where the voices of Milton and Shakespeare oft fall;
Their lines we'll repeat even with our last breath.
Oh! God bless you and keep you, our own Nazareth!

—Anne M. Hanna.

JUNIOR CLASS

Senior Land

"This is the month of June—
Beautiful June,
That speaks to us of warm sunny days,
Blossoming trees and blooming roses."

TIME has waved his magic wand for the second time over our youthful heads and we find ourselves steadily approaching the portals through which we will pass, this time to leave dear Nazareth enveloped in dreamy and happy memories of the past.

Eagerly did we enter Nazareth's sheltering fold, and wend our way through its corridors and class rooms, upon our interesting and difficult pursuits. The one thought uppermost in our mind was to overcome all obstacles and plod through the difficult and perplexing mazes of the stenographer's student career, until we should reach the goal of success. How quickly the days and weeks and months of the past two years have vanished! Scarcely could we realize this onward rush of time, until it was brought home to us a few days ago, that our school days were fast drawing to a close. And as time and tide wait for no man, at last we have come to the end. Now that we are about to depart and leave our companions and our Alma Mater, we realize what happiness and contentment were ours, and what delightful companionship it was our privilege to enjoy.

When we first entered into the secrets of shorthand, we were greatly mystified and often misled into dark and forbidden paths, but now we can all run smoothly along and we are no longer frightened at the appearance of symbols—at last we have all learned to believe in signs.

Bookkeeping—we shall never forget. The streak of fortune which appeared on the cloudy horizon and enabled us to hand in our business practice on the right day shall go down in history.

The click of the typewriter soon became music to our ears. Once we became acquainted, it had many a friendly touch of the hand.

Correspondence has taught us to be more considerate of the ill-treated salesman as well as to answer an advertisement so as to secure a response. Our meeting with Homer and Shakespeare, Coleridge and Scott was so pleasant that it has ripened into an acquaintance that we hope will be life-long.

But now, that we have reached the goal of success, we must pass out through the portals, and, as we come to the cross roads, we must part—but not without cherishing in our hearts happy memories of school days and the strengthening hope that we may often meet on the highway of Life, and among its tangled paths at last find the one that leads back to Nazareth, the Alma Mater of our girlhood's happiest years, and of Life's sweetest memories.

—May Ramsey.

The Senior Party

The Seniors gave a party,
On St. Valentine's Day.
Were there any gentlemen?
Oh dear, what shall I say?

I'll tell you just the number,
As it stood then,
Girls—about a hundred,
And only two young men.

—H. J. C.

SECOND YEAR ACADEMIC CLASS

Our Retreat

OUR customary annual Retreat was held during Holy Week. As the word signifies, the Retreat was a time of solitude and silence and prayer, a time in which we looked into our inmost selves and studied our own souls. Those Retreat days were days of grace to us, a time spent in close union with God.

Father Sindele, a Jesuit from Canisius College, Buffalo, conducted the exercises of the Retreat which opened on Sunday afternoon. The Auditorium, where the exercises were held, had been transformed into a Chapl. He impressed upon us the importance of making the Retreat well, for, as he said, it will affect our whole lives. On the program of each day were the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Spiritual Reading, Rosary, Conferences, Way of the Cross, and Benediction. How good it was to go aside awhile and commune with our Creator! How little seem the petty things of the world beside the wonderful life of the spirit, reaching out into the depths of eternity!

The thought that Father Sindele brought most forcibly before our minds was the one great purpose for which we are in this world,—to serve God and by so doing save our immortal souls. Then the second great thought, that sin is the only evil in the world, the cause of all suffering, misery, and disappointment.

The chief lesson of the Retreat, however, was that we must make our Nazareth like that other Nazareth of old, where the Holy Family dwelt. We must imitate the virtues set forth in their simple, laborious but perfect lives.

The talks we listened to in those quiet days have sunk deep into our hearts, never, we hope, to be forgotten. We are about to leave our happy, sheltered school life, and we will carry these lessons with us. We will remember that we belong first to God and must serve Him faithfully; that pleasure and happiness cannot be bought in the world; that God is the source of all happiness. We are resolved that the messages which have come to our inmost souls will not be forgotten but live in our hearts as a directing force always.

We may make other Retreats but they will not be as this last Retreat which we made as school girls. Its lessons will guide us higher on the path to true and noble womanhood, so that we may work in God's garden for the salvation of other souls besides our own. May we be so fortunate as to make high thought and holy purpose so intimately a part of our own life and personality, that we may in some little measure, bring goodness and true happiness into the lives of others.

It would be ungracious to close these notes without a word of sincere thanks to Father Sindele for the good offices rendered us during the days of this splendid Retreat. May the bread of Good Counsel, which he cast so abundantly upon the water for our reflection, return to him in blessings.

—Catherine Slattery.

FIRST YEAR ACADEMIC CLASS

A Visit from Father Kelly

NEVER, in the history of Nazareth, was there a more memorable day than that on which Father Francis A. Kelly, the gallant young soldier priest of the Twenty-seventh Division, honored us by a visit.

Father Kelly arrived in New York with the advance guard of the Twenty-seventh Division and during his stay there, was invited by the Rochester Chamber of Commerce to speak on March 13th at their noon-day luncheon. He accepted this invitation and also that of the Knights of Columbus of Rochester to be their guest in the afternoon, while he agreed also to address in the evening a mass-meeting at Convention Hall.

On the afternoon of the thirteenth, while making a tour of the city, to our great delight, Father Kelly made us also a visit. The brave fighting Chaplain knew what it was we most desired to hear, an account of the glorious work of our Rochester boys, and he satisfied that desire to the utmost.

Graphically, he described to us the battle of the 29th and 30th of September, telling us of the bravery and indomitable courage of his boys for, as he said "they are all my boys regardless of race or creed."

It was in the latter part of August, Father told us, that "his boys" were told it would be their duty to take the Hindenburg line, deemed by the enemy impregnable. The night of the 26th of September was spent in preparation, spiritual and otherwise, and then they held themselves in readiness for the order. On the 29th the barrage was opened at 4:45 and by ten-thirty that morning the first two lines of the great Hindenburg line had been broken and by nightfall the third and fourth had also been taken. Our boys were then in sight of the Hindenburg tunnel, which lay four stories deep behind the Hindenburg line. On the thirtieth of September, the Americans advanced thru hundreds of machine gun nests until at three-five in the afternoon the word came that the entire Hindenburg line belonged to the boys from New York State.

As Father Kelly spoke, we could read between his words. We could understand why a regiment would love him, and we realized that in him was depicted the bravery and gallantry of our Twenty-seventh Division. Father Kelly has been the recipient of the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States, the British Military Medal, and has been cited for bravery many times.

The young priest reminded us that a failing which cannot be forgiven is ingratitude; that we must not forget the brave young men who so nobly died in a great cause, but pray for them to Almighty God morning and night. They fell, he said, but they fell with their faces towards the east, the land of the rising sun, the land of rising hopes, that in their fall others might rise, and that their blood might not, must not be shed in vain.

Nowhere did Father Kelly receive a more enthusiastic welcome on that day of ovations, than at Nazareth Academy. —Ruth Sullivan.

FIRST YEAR COMMERCIAL CLASS

A Visit from Father Ganey

ON the twenty-fifth of April the faculty and students of Nazareth were honored by a visit from Rev. J. J. Ganey, formerly Chaplain of the 38th Infantry, Third Division. Father Ganey quickly won the hearts of all who heard him in the auditorium, first because of his singing for us the songs of the "doughboys" as they were parodied by them "over there." He also told some of the interesting experiences of the soldiers in the Army of Occupation. In compliance with our request, Father Ganey told us of his trip into the beautiful country of the Rhine, after the signing of the Armistice, and pictured for us very graphically the sufferings and hardships of the people of that land. Above all, we were told that their religious zeal and fervor were remarkable, the number of communicants in that war-stricken country far surpassing that in our own land. After his talk Father Ganey was the guest of the Beta Phi Club at its Easter party.

—Ruth Sullivan.

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War Terms Applied to Nazareth

Barrage—Father Simpson's quizzes.
Gas attack—Oral English class.
Raiding parties—In the lunch room.
K. P.—After Beta Phi parties.
M. P.'s—In halls at change of classes.
Zero hour—Minute before opening Regents' papers.
Rookies—Frosh.
Court-martial—Trip to the office.
D. S. C.'s—Those medals of the Frosh
Slackers—10:20 A. M.
Inspection—M. P. looking for trots.
Tanking up—At the fountains.
First aid—Those black-headed pins.
Equipment—Prang pencils, etc.
Reveille—8:45 A. M.
Mess call—Most popular gong.

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There was once a writer named Burke
Who insisted on making folks work;
Though dead, sad to say,
He is with us each day,
And we, from his tasks cannot shirk.

BETA PHI CLUB

The Beta Phi Club

OWING to the Influenza epidemic, the reorganization of the Beta Phi, or Book Lovers Club, was somewhat delayed this year. A large membership from the Junior and Senior Academic and Senior Commercial classes was enrolled, and the members showed their good judgment when they selected such capable officers as Agnes Rickert for President; Adelaide Reid for Vice President; Dorothy Reynolds, Secretary; and Helen McNulty, Treasurer.

The speaker at the first meeting was Rev. Louis W. Edelman, who introduced us to Mary Synon, a writer of short stories. One of her stories, "The Bounty-Jumper" was read, and was enjoyed immensely by the members. Mrs. Amy LaVigne Hutchinson, a Nazareth graduate, afforded the club a delightful afternoon with readings of poems and short stories. The members also enjoyed the pleasure of having at one of the meetings, Father Stephen McPadden, of Geneva, who formerly toured with the Paulist choir; the fact that the choristers were to be heard in Rochester that week added a special interest to the talk. For a reading on Joyce Kilmer we are indebted to Father Grady, who has formerly done us the honor of addressing our Literary Club. We are grateful to Father Grady for the fine donation to our library of Holliday's memorial edition of Joyce Kilmer's works.

Rev. Edward Bayer gave a most enjoyable reading at one of the last meetings of the club, on Francis Thompson. We wish to thank Father Bayer, not only for the pleasant afternoon he afforded us with the illustrious poet, but also for his generous gift of the works by and on Francis Thompson.

On a number of occasions the members of Beta Phi have given the afternoon's program. At one of the meetings an opportunity was given some of the members to display their power of argumentation on the question: Resolved, That the fifteenth amendment should be repealed. The negative speakers were: Helen Washluske, Ruth Richardson and Rosalie Powers; the affirmative Anna Harper, Florence Reilly and Frances Boppel. with Catherine Stokes as Chairman. The debate was well conducted and heartily enjoyed. The arguments of both sides were convincing and showed great effort on the part of the speakers. The judges, however, decided in favor of the negative side.

Being a literary club, it was necessary that matters of such importance in literary circles, as the centenary of Lowell should not be overlooked. The day was celebrated in an appropriate manner by the club, readings of

his poems and prose, and discussions of the man and his works, from various points of view, being given by Beatrice Ashe, Mildred Burns, Helen Cunningham, Anne Hanna, Dorothy Reynolds, Leonilda Petrossi and Angela Sharpe.

Among the social events of the Beta Phi, the members will remember the Thanksgiving "spread." It was well attended and was a most enjoyable function. Another event that stands out in prominence among the social doings of the Book Lovers Club is the St. Valentine's party. The committees in charge of this party deserve to be commended for their efforts. It was a huge success. The Easter Party was scarcely less enjoyable. The transformation of the lunch room into a bower of beauty for these special occasions, is remarkable. Each occasion seems to offer better possibilities than the preceding for effective decoration and entertainment plan. Indeed, our Beta Phi parties are events to be remembered.

Our Year Book goes to press before the club activities are over. At the last meeting we expect a great literary treat from Rev. William P. Ryan, a charter member, by the way, of Beta Phi Club. Father Ryan will speak on some of the contemporary poets.

And now at the close of a successful year, we wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to all those who have so kindly helped to make the Beta Phi both enjoyable and profitable to us. We also extend our hearty congratulations to the officers for their efficient management of the club affairs, and to the members for their faithful co-operation. We are in hopes that the excellent work carried on by the Beta Phi during all the years of its existence at Nazareth will be continued by the succeeding classes, and trust that they may find as much pleasure and profit in the Beta Phi as has the Class of 1919.

—Leonilda Petrossi.

John Ayscough

NOW that the horrors of the World War are past and its trials have somewhat subsided, it is hoped that the peoples of the world will betake themselves to more quiet realms, profit by the blessings of Peace and enjoy the literature which this war has made.

Forth from the battle smoke comes another celebrated author, who, indeed, had descended from the heights of fame and with heart courageous and overflowing charity had entered that dark valley of danger as a man of God, to minister to the heroic defenders of their nation's flag. This hero was no other than Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, whom we know so well under the pen name, John Ayscough.

We had read of his going as an English Army Chaplain at the beginning of the war, with intense interest and anxiety, but with little surprise; and when the first publication of his war experiences appeared under the name "French Windows," we received it with great interest and delight. Other books have followed since, of which his name alone was a sufficient recommendation.

John Ayscough is a man of wide learning and a volumnious writer. To him we are indebted for the production of an array of excellent novels, which while highly entertaining are at the same time, fine literary productions. Only a Catholic writer like John Ayscough could write with such purity and delicacy, with such delightful humor and with such intense sympathy for the sorrows and joys of the human heart. We admire him more and more as we read his stories of common life, with its sorrows, its hopes and its faithful pictures of real people, and the genial humor that permeates it all.

He is the only man who could give to the public such a masterpiece as "San Celestino." Here we have the life of a saint in the form of a novel, which is, in part, a romance containing charm and fascination but still aspiring to the eternal. Other books published by this author are: "Gracechurch Papers," party biographical, "Monksbridge," "Hurdcott," "Mezzojorno," "Faustuta," "Jacqueline," "Tideway," "Dromina" and "Fernando," which describes his "path to Rome."

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew is a convert to the Church from Anglicanism, in the ministry of which his father and both grandfathers had been prominent. When the call for chaplains was issued, he immediately enlisted in the service of the British Expeditionary Forces in France. Here "with malice toward none, with charity to all," he performed that noble work for God and country, which, as has been said, is reflected in his book "French Windows." This book portrays some of his experiences as a war chaplain and gives us a glimpse of what was done for our soldiers' spiritual welfare. How these loving ministrations tempered their sufferings! With what faith and resignation they passed to their reward! It is with great delight that we read those simple yet deeply impressive pages after the fiction of the present day.

John Ayscough is at present visiting in the United States and if by chance he comes to Rochester we hope that we may have the opportunity of entertaining him at Nazareth Academy.

—Isabel Meisenzahl.

SENIOR DEBATING TEAMS

Debates

THE senior debates have been a notable feature of the many literary activities of the Class of 1919. The first debate was given before the members of the Beta Phi Club at one of the meetings. The subject for debate was, Resolved: That the fifteenth amendment of the U. S. Constitution should be repealed. Catherine Stokes, Chairman, introduced the following speakers for the affirmative side: Frances Boppel, Anna Harper and Florence Reilly; and for the negative side Ruth Richardson, Rosalie Powers and Helen Washluske. The negative side proved that the fifteenth amendment is based on sound theory and that disfranchisement on account of race or color is particularly objectionable. The arguments of both sides were very convincing, but the judges decided in favor of the negative side.

The entire student body was present at the second debate which was given in the school auditorium. Marion Hafner was chairman of the debate. Estelle Biedenbach, Bessie Cronin and Monica Bertsch composed the affirmative side and Marie Harrison, Laura O'Neill and Elsie Waterhouse were the speakers on the negative side. The subject for debate was, Resolved: That the rapid awakening of the Mongolian race is perilous to the Caucasian supremacy of the world. It was a timely and interesting subject. The affirmative side held that from an industrial stand-point the Mongolian awakening would be disastrous to Caucasian supremacy. Other strong arguments of the affirmative side were that the Mongolian awakening is perilous to Caucasian commercial and military supremacy, and from the stand-point of population. The negative speakers held that there is no danger of industrial or military domination by the Mongolian race. The negative side also endeavored to prove that beneficial results are certain to follow the awakening of the Mongolian race. Rev. E. Meagher, one of the judges, announced the decision that the affirmative was the winning side. Father Meagher congratulated the speakers on their efforts and assured them that this work would serve them in good stead later on.

This practical application of the principles of Argumentation is, as we all recognize, good mental exercise and good experience in public speaking. We are proud of the efforts made by both debating teams and we congratulate them on the efficiency of the work and on the pleasure and instruction afforded their audiences.

—Leonilda Petrossi.

Inspiration

They said I must write a poem
For English class to-day;
So here I am at my desk at home,
A-wondering what to say.

The sun is shining in the trees,
The flowers are on the west;
The birds are buzzing and the bees
Are singing in their nest.

They said I must write a poem
For English class to-day;
But my wits are wandering far from home,
And I haven't a thing to say.

—Cecilia Frey.

THE VICTORY PAGEANT

LITTLE WOMEN

Dramatics

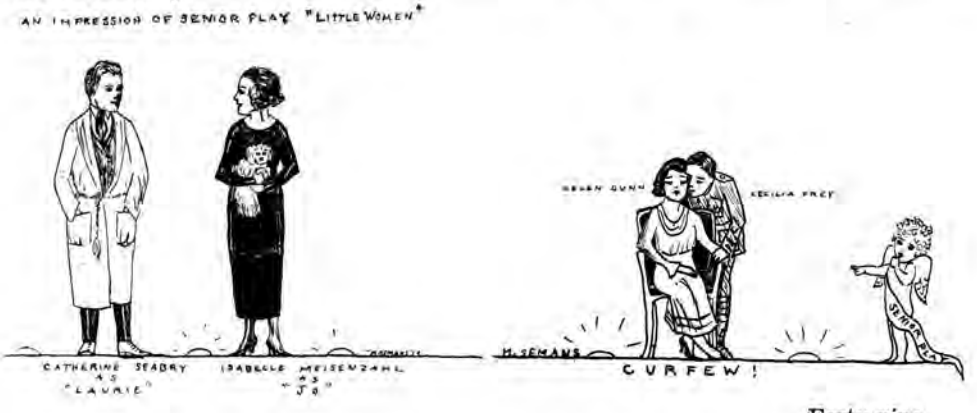
ON December 21st a reception was given by the students to Rt. Rev. Bishop Hickey. On that occasion the Students presented a Victory Pageant which represented the countries allied with our own in the great war. These in effective costume formed the middle group. In the background Religion was enthroned as the central figure. In appropriate grouping and symbolism were Columbia, Liberty and Victory and likewise other groups, of soldiers, sailors, airmen and Red Cross nurses. On the right of the stage and extending into the background a chorus of about twenty voices were arranged at different elevations, in pleasing groups. The Choristers were gowned in white and when toward the close, the note of Victory merged into the Christmas theme, angels appeared on the heights and mingled with the choristers. The splendid dramatic and scenic effects, together with the ringing note of exalted patriotism and profound gratitude for the favorable outcome of the great World War, was most impressive. The entire performance was most creditable to the young ladies by whom the Pageant was presented, as well as to the school.

After the midyear examinations, the Senior Play was given for the benefit of the Library Fund. The play was an original dramatization of Louisa M. Alcott's story, "Little Women," and was dedicated to the Class of 1919. Three presentations of the play were given to large, well-pleased audiences. The leading role, Jo March, was played by Isabel Meisenzahl, who did a really clever piece of dramatic work. The other parts were also taken with special credit. They were:

Beth	Dosithea Norman
Amy	Helen Long
Meg	Helen Dunn
Mrs. March	Martha Reichert
Colonel March	Kathryn Damn
Hannah, colored maid	Helen Oster
Mr. Lawrence	Ruth Sullivan
Teddy or "Lawrie"	Catherine Seabry
Maid at Lawrence Mansion	Mildred Burns
Mr. Brooke, Teddy's tutor	Cecilia Frey
Aunt March	Maire Burmeister

On the whole 1919 feels quite proud of its dramatic talent and of its executive ability in putting on a performance that was so well received.

The members of the Class wish to extend hearty thanks to Father Brophy and the young men of the Immaculate Conception Band who favored us on that evening with excellent music. We are grateful for their courtesy.



Death of Joyce Kilmer

IN last year's Senior Annual an article was published on the soldier poet, Sargeant Joyce Kilmer. It was a fine appreciation of the man, his literary accomplishments, and his general influence. It glorified the hero, as was just, and closed with the prayerful hope of his safe return and a prophetic glimpse of a splendid useful life to be.

Only two months after the publication of the Year Book we were shocked and grieved by the newspaper notice that Sargeant Joyce Kilmer had fallen while on observation duty in company with his superior officer, Major Donovan, in Belleau Woods. While to-day we are welcoming back millions of our boys who were called to the colors in defense of the freedom of the world, we should not forget those who will not return, those who gave up their lives for the cause of democracy. Among the foremost Americans who died for the sacred cause of human liberty, is Joyce Kilmer.

The announcement of his death was received as if it were news of a national calamity. This was the general feeling, because in his death not only has the state lost one of its eminent citizens and the nation a true patriot, but the Church has lost one of its ablest and most promising men of the times.

While it is a matter of great interest to us that he was a teacher, a newspaper man, a poet, a soldier of New York State, it is a matter of no less interest to us that he was a bright example of Catholic manhood in all its phases. Five years after his marriage he and his wife, Aline Murray Kilmer, entered the Catholic Church. He gives us in his literary work, on one hand, a picture of the emptiness and shallowness of life without the help of God, and on the other hand the true worth and sweetness of life when lived for God.

His short life in the Church was as a clear strong flame, pouring its steady light upon the world unto edification; an inspiration to less thoughtful and less courageous souls to live worthily, to live intensely the highest life of the mind and of the soul. His career was exceptionally promising. It promised much to the world of letters, to the social world of his friends and admirers, and to the Catholic Church where he had found the realization of the deepest longings, the highest aspirations of his great soul.

We look forward to what he might have done in life and can scarcely repress a sigh of absolute regret; but in wiser moments, when the light of truth shines calmly upon our quiet, thoughtful souls, we feel and know that the work of God does not require length of years, neither can we judge of the direction in which the highest service lies. God's praise may be uttered in the winged word of poetic inspiration, in the splendid example of a holy life; or that praise may best be given, and the lives of men most profoundly influenced by the high act of supreme renunciation of all that makes life rich in usefulness, by laying down all, simply and willingly, for God and Country. This, without doubt, was the highest duty, in this case, and will perhaps exert a stronger influence on the souls of men and meet a higher reward, than a long life of mental, moral and even spiritual greatness could have accomplished. Thus will the name of Joyce Kilmer, the poet, the soldier, the man, be held in benediction and honor forever.

—Bessie Cronin.

Forsan Et Haec Olim Meminisse Iuvabit

Just as soon as school is out,
To the cloak room we repair;
We take our hat and have a chat
With our pals assembled there.

Then up comes Helen who strikes us dumb,
As she says with benignant air,
"Let's go to Whittle's, the treat's on me,"
While her friends all gasp and stare.

"Pinch me someone, I'm still asleep,"
While another dramatically sinks
And "Did I wake, or do I dream?
Or is this mere 'high jinks'?"

At length, expectant, sat we down,
While Helen to the cashier went—
'Till pale, she gasped, "Oh, help me girls,
I cannot find a single cent!"

"What?—help, indeed! A pretty fix!"
While frantic search was made,
Two dimes, three stamps, at last were found,
And on the table laid.

Then adding o'er and o'er again
Failed to swell the slim collection,
Until one girl turned heroine
By a saving recollection.

I have a friend, who has a friend,
That works across the street;
I'll just go in and borrow some,
And then, my dears, I'll treat.

We watched the dear deliverer
Dodge the traffic in the way,
When one, more deeply anxious, cried
"I fear she's running away."

But back came the senior, radiant,
And joy on all faces beamed;
The order was given, the ice cream eaten,
To be treated, how rare it seemed!

Helen Dunn.

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A flea met a fly in a flue;
Said the flea to the fly, "What shall we do?"
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

—C. F.

James Russell Lowell and George Eliot

Centenary Poets

The celebration of Lowell's centenary this year recalls to mind in literary circles one of our prominent American poets. We can rightly call Lowell one of the most highly cultured men of the last century not only because he was a great artist but because of the evidence of learning in all his works. Lowell's finest literary works are his criticisms of the older poets, the best of them being those on Keats, Chaucer, Dante, Milton and Emerson. In his humorous dialect poetry Lowell has reached, perhaps, the best portrayal of the true Yankee spirit, the delightful combination of sanity, wit and wisdom. Here we find at its best his dauntless Americanism.

The fact that in Lowell's works we find allusions to almost every field of science and art shows the wide range of his knowledge. But we must not think of Lowell merely as a highly cultured man. He was also a great artist. Having spent his youth in company with an elder sister, a girl of artistic temperament, Lowell's own poetic nature was developed. He would sometimes spend whole days out of doors enjoying the beauties of nature around him. In early youth he trained himself to notice the commonplace things of nature, and this served him in good stead in later years. Only an artist could find so much beauty in nature, and idealize so charmingly, a flower such as the dandelion. Though not ranking so high as a poet, he was a great prose artist, a good critic and altogether an ideal man of letters.

George Eliot, whose centenary we also celebrate this year may be classed as one of the greatest writers of the Victorian Age. She derived a great deal of her most inspiring material from English country life and country scenes in Mid-England. Her intimate and life-long acquaintance with intellectual people gave a great impulse to her studies, and we find her at an early age reading Greek and Latin and studying Italian and German. From her letters we learn that she was well versed in history and that her masters were Shakespeare, Cowper, Wordsworth and Milton. Besides her literary talents, George Eliot's tastes were unusually developed in two lines—philosophy, especially theological and religious, and science. George Eliot was indeed our most learned woman writer, but her studies in German philosophy robbed her of her Christian faith, and led to her disregard of some of our most sacred social institutions in her own life, which ostracized her from the best society and deprived her of a resting-place among her country's honored dead in Westminster Abbey.

We find her beginning her literary career with editorial work; and although this proved drudgery at first, it brought her in touch with the foremost literary people of her time. "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" are two of George Eliot's greatest novels. These and, in fact, all her works portray her scholarly mind and her power in the creation of character which she tries to make not individual but typical. Perhaps "The Mill on the Floss" is the most autobiographical, for the heroine of this novel is quite a reflection of George Eliot in character and feelings. Two other great works that we cannot fail to connect with her name are "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda." Each of George Eliot's works leaves an impression so strong and powerful that we gladly place it among the great literary productions of the Victorian Era.

—Leonilda Petrossi.

Keep the Lights Late-Burning

(Tune—"Keep the Home Fires Burning")

We were summoned from the sea side,
We were called in from the shore,
And we found old Nazareth waiting,
As we entered at her door.
Soon our books add to our burdens,
As we gaily march along,
And while our hearts are quaking,
Let us sing this dreary song.

Chorus:

Keep the lights late-burning,
While your lessons learning,
Though the end is far away,
Yet study on.
There's your Virgil waiting,
In rigor nought abating,
Chemistry must still be done,
And the night is gone.

And next day there comes a pleading,
Help a comrade in distress!
And we shared our meager reading,
Friendship bade us do no less;
For no Senior girl of Nazareth
To the Office e'er shall wend;
For the others all will aid her,
Their translations gladly lend.

—C. Seabry.

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Till We Meet Again

There's a dear spot o'erlooking a river,
The very lode-star of my heart,
Where a mystical charm doth shield from alarm
And we dream 'tis of heaven a part.

Chorus:

Alma Mater, always kind and true,
When we're gone we'll still remember you
With sweet memories not a few,
Of those days with love-light gleaming.
May your torch still shine forever bright,
Always be our tender guiding light,
Your love we know can never fail.
Alma Mater, Hail!

'Tis her voice that both chides and caresses,
Oft stern, 'tis yet tenderly sweet
And we read in her eye a soul-message high,
That in future our hearts shall repeat.

John Ruskin

THE year one thousand nine hundred and nineteen completes the centenary of the birth of one of the most suggestive thinkers, one of the greatest writers of English prose, and one of the most vivid personalities of the last generation, John Ruskin.

To the utter seclusion of his earlier days is due those peculiarities which in after life made him so different from his fellowmen. Then too, owing to the strictness and narrowness of views which his home atmosphere developed, it is no wonder we find him strange; the marvel is, rather, that so great a genius was produced. However, the man, though he seemed to the world lonely, really was not so at all. His heart was given to beauty and through persistent efforts this love of his was made manifest to all the world. Moreover, his greatest pleasure was to make others happy, and that this was actually a joy to him can be seen from his own words, "When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower."

Like everyone else, he had his faults, the most predominant of which must be mentioned, if we are to gain any insight into his character. He was not just in his views; in other words, he was biased. Whether lecturing or writing he endeavored to force his views on his hearers or readers.

"The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly, is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one." These memorable words came from the pen of Ruskin and it may be said further, that he is one of the few who could see clearly. Everything that he wrote was told with austere simplicity and stately directness, with denunciation, and yet without abuse; and besides, he could feel and express deep emotion, but this he did with sincerity, and not merely to embellish his style. In reviewing Ruskin's works we may regard him in three aspects; as a poet of nature, revealing and describing its beauties; as a thinker, applying himself to questions of social reform; and as an art critic. He was not a poet in the true sense of the word, but he had a wonderful gift of figurative expression, which is the essence of the poetical gift. In landscape description his word-painting is so magnificent that his readers are apt to miss the arguments. Indeed his books are often read for the descriptions. In this he seems to depart from his characteristic directness.

Very beautiful and altogether true is the praise Bayne gives him when he says that Ruskin is "A man gifted with pre-eminent sensibility to nature's truth; that he lends a voice to the hills and adds a music to the streams; that he looks on the sea, and it becomes more calmly beautiful; on the clouds, and they are more radiantly touched; he becomes a priest of the mysteries, a dispenser of the charities of nature, and men call him poet." Therefore he justly deserves the title of poet of nature.

In his work on social reform he aided wonderfully the laboring classes of England. He put his whole mind on this work, as he did on everything, and the result was that he produced a grand piece of literature known as "Unto this Last," this title being taken from the parable of the laborers in the vineyard.

It is a tenet of Ruskin's art philosophy that the principles fundamental to art are fundamental to all true life and therefore applicable to every department of social progress. This belief has somewhat discredited him as an art critic; nevertheless the essential soundness of his theories cannot be questioned. Foremost among his art criticisms is "Modern Painters,"

written in defense of a young artist to whom Ruskin took a particular liking. Two other notable books in this line are: "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice."

Much of his time was spent in giving lectures. Among the many interesting ones are: "Sesame and Lilies," which consists of two topics, the first of Kings' Treasuries and the second, of Queen's Gardens. The former was a statment of the proper books for reading and the latter Ruskin's ideal of pure womanhood. Another is "The Queen of the Air," lectures on Greek myths. He has published, indeed, volumes of lectures, on architecture, drawing and painting, as already mentioned. From this we see the wide scope of topics his lectures embraced and the amount of work accomplished by him.

The genius of Ruskin has often been compared with that of John Henry Newman in English prose style. They both stand on the heights. Newman has the keener and more philosophic mind and hence the deeper content of thought; Ruskin the finer aesthetic sense and the greater imaginative power. Hence in descriptive writing this lover of beauty stands first, and yet Newman's "Athens" is beyond even the best of Ruskin's descriptions. On the whole it is difficult to make the award of genius between them.

The study of Ruskin both as a master in English and as a personality, will be well repaid. We can learn from him to live earnestly in joy, and not less earnestly in sorrow; to be humble in prosperity, temperate in happiness and courageous in trouble, so that we may say in the words of Ruskin's poet friend:

"What's Life to me?
Where'er I look is fire; where'er I listen,
Music; and where I tend, bliss evermore."

—Elsie Waterhouse.

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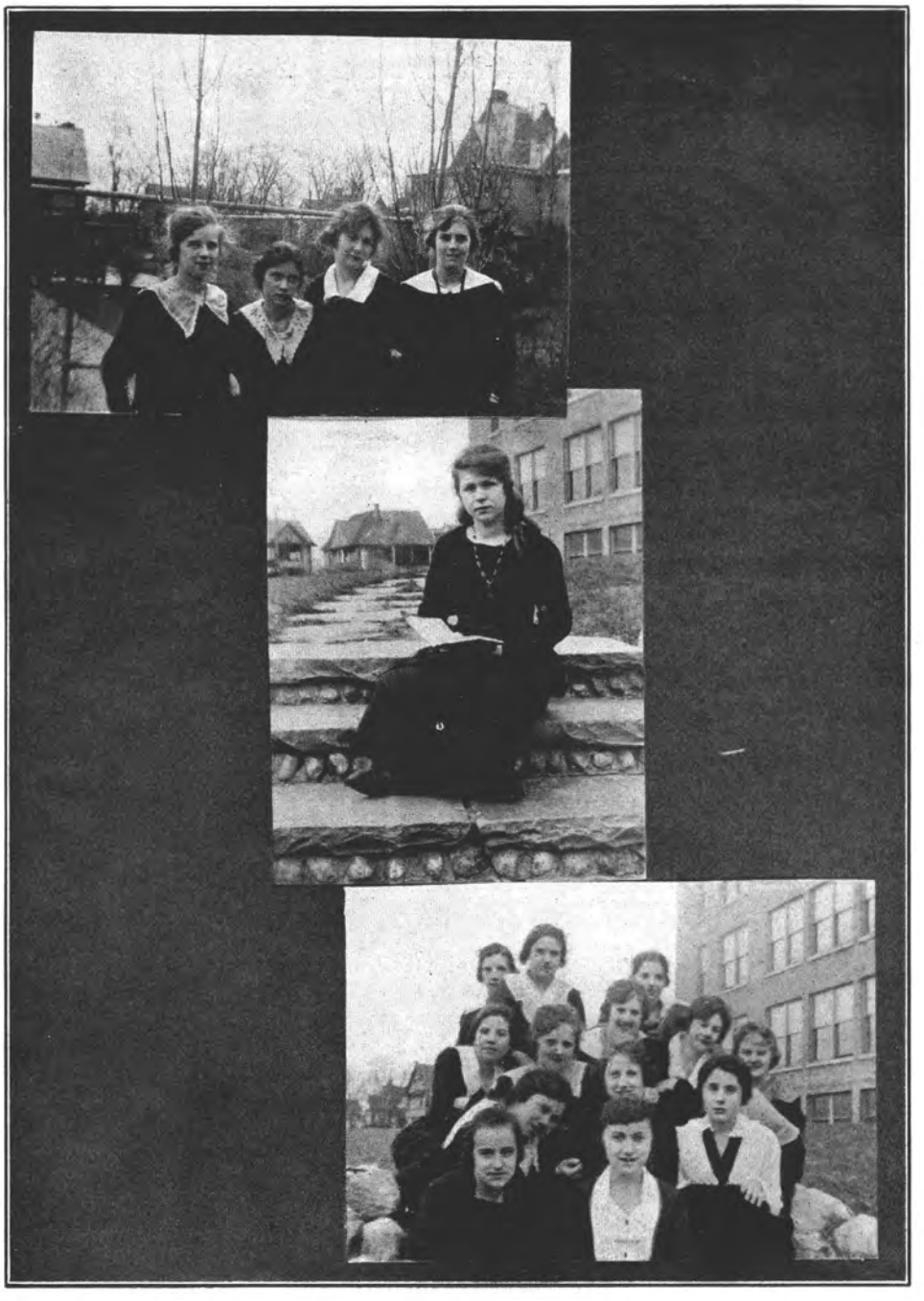
There may be a change in the weather,
There may be a change in the sea;
There may be a change altogether,
But N. A. will not change for me.

—Anne Hanna.



Hail, Nazareth!

Hail, Nazareth! noble and strong;
To thee with loyal hearts, we raise our song.
Swelling to Heaven loud, our praises ring,
Hail, Nazareth! Of thee we sing.

Majesty as a crown rests on thy brow;
Pride, Honor, Glory, Love, before thee bow.
Ne'er can thy spirit die, thy name decay.
Hail, Nazareth! Our pride alway.

Hail, Nazareth! Guide of our youth,
Still lead thy children on to light and truth.
Thee, in the after-years, shall others praise,
Hail, Nazareth! Thru endless days.

—Isabel Meisenzahl.

✣ ✣

The Spanish Class

There are twelve very wise senoritas,
Who assemble for Spanish each day
By the time we become brave senoras,
We'll have chased all our knowledge away.

Our teacher oft times doth compare us,
To bright stars of the Soph Spanish class,
But 'tis said that as often she quotes us,
To spur on some Sophomore lass.

Our class is the last in the morning,
And to show 'tis the best in the school,
E'en the loud sounding gong for our luncheon
Is not heard in the midst of a duel.

✣ ✣

The Impossible

'Tis pretty hard to sit and write,—
The while your mind is shut up tight,—
A poem real and genuine,
I would much rather write a line
In prose to some dear friend.

If this trait does not seem quite right,
At least I gave my slender mite
To prove that it's a waste of time
For me to try to write in rhyme
Or my old ways to mend.

—A. C. Harper.

For Valor

(This story is based on an actual happening in the 27th Division).

BILL was no hero—he was just a plain American boy. Sharp, alert, eagerly boyish and carefree, he would have laughed at you had you merely suggested that his were extraordinary fighting qualities. But of such stuff are heroes made. Their fears may be terrific, but they trample on them and attain to the heights of real courage. But in a regiment where the casualties are counted by the thousands, many acts of gallantry and deeds of valor pass unseen.

Bill (his last name matters naught to you or me) was, with his regiment, ready to go into the trenches. Long days they had waited, and now their time had almost come. At last, after an agony of suspense, the order was given to go forward. Silently, each occupied with his own thoughts, they tramped on through that interminable mud and rain, which seem a part of "sunny" France. Bill did not clearly remember it all, he only knew that after a weary trip, there were other forms that come out of the night, and a silent, war-weary line passed them. Bill's regiment stopped—that is trench etiquette—to allow the outgoing troops to pass first. Not a word was spoken. When the last man had filed out, they resumed their walk, and in a few moments found themselves in the trenches, their new home for at least a couple of weeks.

The dugout into which Bill waded (that is the only adequate word) was no different from the rest, except that it seemed to him to contain a little more water and a few more rats than any other. With him were two other boys, "Shorty" Davis and Pete Harlow. Bill liked them both, and it was fortunate, for it would never do to have a disagreeable bed-fellow under the stress they knew was to follow. The only thing was, Shorty was inclined to play practical jokes, and to make very bad puns at exactly the wrong time. His spirits were somewhat dampened at the sight of his new home, but shortly his old-time manner returned, and perching himself on a rude table contributed by some former occupant, he chirruped:

"My, what lovely guest-chambers the countess furnishes for her guests! Well, you can't down the Irish! Hooray!"

Something suspiciously like a mud-ball hit him with a dull, soggy thud, and simultaneously two voices exclaimed:

"Aw, shut up!"

Before very long, the trench was silent, save for a loud, sibilant snore which suddenly boomed out in the night, to be immediately quenched by a few more or less anxious bunkies.

More such nights followed, and days wrought with anxious waiting; for on Sunday morning, at 5:45, they were to "carry on." Saturday came, as Saturdays have a way of doing, and Saturday night.

Then, almost before they knew it, it was Sunday morning, and they were standing in their places, ready to go when the word should be given. The officer stood with his watch in his hand, waiting for the "zero hour." Bill, with Shorty and Pete, waited with the rest. He lighted a cigarette, but his dry tongue and throat refused to perform their proper functions, and the cigarette went out. Pete was strangely silent. Shorty had a strained look on his face, but with a twinkle, he asked in an Irish whisper:

"Hey, Bill, d'ye know why they call us dough-boys?" Then, hurriedly, before anyone could hit him, "Because we rise when we're kneaded!"

Someone made a move in Shorty's direction, but just then the order came, "On the top! Let's go!"

Over they went. Some fell before they had gone five feet; others pushed forward with that courage which, perhaps, is greater than that required to face certain death. The sights that met their eyes are unimaginable, and the scent of the poisonous gases, the whistle of shells,

the flying fragments of steel, the deafening noise of explosions, all tended to tear down the will to stand, and to destroy the will to advance. But advance they did.

Bill stumbled along, scrambling out of shell holes, only to fall into others. Something huge and grey hurled itself at him out of the heavy morning mist. With a mind suddenly clear, Bill found himself in a scientific bayonette encounter, repeating aloud the "In—out—on—guard" learned in the training camp. Strangely enough, he seemed to take a sort of blood-thirsty joy in seeing that gray form crumple at his thrust. A voice beside him yelled through the crash and roar of the artillery:

"Gee, Bill, this is great, ain't it?"

Shorty was there, and together they went on. Now the enemy barrage increased in intensity. A smoke screen was laid down, and the two lads, heeding neither direction nor the lay of the land, soon found themselves separated from their platoon. They took refuge in a shell hole, and when the artillery barrage was lifted, they discovered that they were well within the enemy's lines. This was most unexpected. How were they to know that the German line of defense, bending almost to the breaking point, had been strengthened at that place and suddenly stiffened?

The two were at a loss as to what to do. It was raining now, and well it was for them. They were consulting as to the best course to take, when a rumbling noise was heard, then a crash came. Cautiously lifting their heads over the edge of the hole, they saw an American tank, disabled, twenty or thirty yards away. The enemy fire was heavy, but with no thought to their own safety, Bill and Shorty crawled out, and over to the tank. With great difficulty, they removed a wounded officer and man and carried them to the shell-hole. The other members of the crew had been killed. They then returned to the tank, and dismounting a gun, they kept the enemy at bay all day.

At midnight, they crept out, and with the aid of a compass found in the pocket of the officer, they brought in the two wounded men. It was dangerous going, but owing to the scarcity of German troops at that point, they were able to get through. Bill never forgot that trip. It was difficult enough for a man to make alone, but it was doubly so when he was burdened with a helpless comrade. When they were within ten yards of the American trench, a stray shell dropped nearby. Bill felt a stinging sensation in his leg and another in his head. His eyes seemed to be full of something liquid, and wondering, he put up his hand to brush it away. Then everything went black.

When Bill awoke, it was to see a white-capped nurse and a khaki-clad physician standing over him. The doctor was saying:

"Oh, yes, he'll be all right in a week or two. And so will this buddy."

Bill, cautiously, for his head felt like a balloon, turned in the direction the doctor was gesturing. There in the bed next him was Shorty. Shorty, bandaged from the top of his head down to where the bed-clothes were tucked about his neck. Shorty, wounded, but still the same old Shorty, with the old-time twinkle in his eye. The nurse caught Bill's movement, and said with a smile:

"Now, you mustn't talk. You lads who **must** be heroes will have to take the consequences, even if they do include a D. S. C. Remember, now, not a word. Just lie quiet, and you'll be as spry as a cricket in a few weeks."

With this injunction, she left, and the two lay grinning at each other.

"Bill," said Shorty, in a voice that sounded curiously weak and tremulous, "why is a mugwump like a yellow Irishman?"

"I dunno," answered Bill.

"'Cause there ain't no sech animal," rejoined the other, winking knowingly at his chum.

—Cecilia Frey.

Our Sailor Friends

Quite so! Some sailor boys in blue!
You well may say, "A sight quite new
Within our Academic Halls,—
Within these closely sheltering walls!"

Say whence these conquering heroes come,
Whom now we hail with trump and drum,
And welcome to our inner court;
Whose deeds the lips of fame report.

They come whence hearts must needs be brave,
Where danger lurks beneath the wave,
Where battleships their terrors hurl
And grim destroyers depth-bombs whirl.

But now, that war's dire rage is past,
And meek-eyed Peace we hail at last,
These heroes of the mighty deep
High festival of Victory keep.

They come to aid us in distress;
Their generous, helping hand we bless;
How would our "Little Women" fare
Without their skillful aid and care?

What though between the acts, in truth,
Appeared the frolic heart of youth?
It only proves their hearts are right
In gentler ways to find delight.

Who then, will wonder that success
Should our dramatic efforts bless,
So reinforced and so inspired?
To art's ideal each heart aspired.

What more becoming, then, could be,
In gratitude for courtesy,
Than share with them a social hour
In good Saint Valentinus' bower.

Alas! Alas! Earth's joys must end;
Thus shadow must with sunshine blend.
Yet those pleasant hours a brightness lends
The memory of our sailor friends.

The Golden Rule

(Air—"The Girl from Kodak Town.)

Down at the beautiful spot we call Nazareth,
Where we go to school,
There in all classes, 1919 lasses
Are taught the Golden Rule;
Each day we are taught to observe as we ought
And obey the Golden Rule;
Tho' we lay up a score against some learned bore,
We obey the Golden Rule.

Chorus:

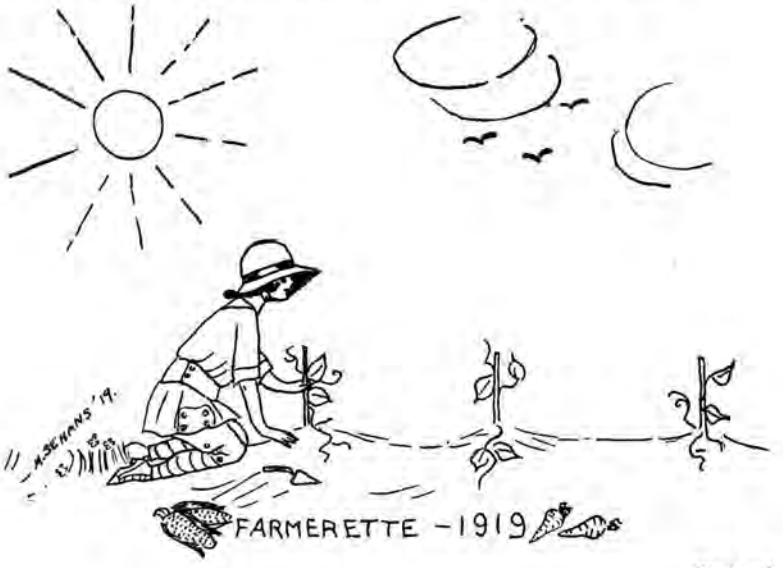
How we love the teachers all, teachers all, teachers all,
And I think they love us too.
Yes, I really do, don't you?
O how fondly we'll recall,
Whether good or ill befall,
The days that now glow and with gladness overflow,
With the fascinating, mischief-making girls of Class Nineteen.

Those were the days we so oft were reminded
To keep the Golden Rule.
'Neath provocation 'twas great consolation
To keep the Golden Rule.
At least in the class would each cherub-faced lass
Seem the angel of the school.
Thus each one every day helped to brighten the way
And to keep the Golden Rule.

✣ ✣

When you see the Seniors walking down the hall with a look of anguish on their faces you know they are going to Drawing class.

Teacher—"We need brains in this class."
Egotistic Pupil—"I know you do. That's why I'm here."



Did It Ever Happen to You?

Did you ever stand on Main Street as the minute hand of your watch neared 8:45 with no Lake Avenue car in sight when, suddenly, from down the street you heard a clang and your heart leaped with joy until, looking up, you read "States Street Car House"?

Did you ever retire at night with the fact firmly impressed in your memory that "Chem." Class was at 8 A. M. the following morning and then awake at 7:30 to find that you had neglected to set the alarm clock?

Did you ever work on a map of N. A., showing colonial settlements at the beginning of the eighteenth century, until it was a thing of beauty and then find out in class the following morning that your lesson called for a map of 1750?

Did you ever study and study on a "nasty" lesson until you became proud of your ability to recite it, and then heard your teacher say: "We won't have that lesson to-day"?

Did you ever "cut" exercises for the first time in an age and get caught when others do it every other day and get away with it?

Did you ever come to class to be surprised with an examination, on the "morning after the night before"?

Did you ever check an answer which was on the tip of your tongue and then, when the teacher has turned down the whole class because no one was able to answer, find that it was correct?

Did you ever intend to go out on a Thursday night and find that you have "heaps" of lessons to do for Friday?

Did you ever sit in the auditorium and hear the instructor ask a puzzling question of the "girl with the pencil in her mouth", meaning you?

If any of these things ever happened to you, I ask, "Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?

—E. C. B.

✣ ✣

Keep Back the Tears

(Air: "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag.)

Keep back the tears on graduation day
And smile, girls, smile;
Think of the fun you've had along the way.
Smile, girls, that's the style.
Clothe the future in a cloud
That has a rosy hue, while
You keep back the tears on graduation day
And smile, girls, smile. —Grace Griffith.

✣ ✣

Here's to the teachers that merit our praise,
Here's to our friendships strong.
Here's to our merry high school days
Of laughter and of song.
Here's to Nazareth's sterling worth
Here's to 1919 bold.
Here's to the dearest spot on earth,
Here's to our Blue and Gold. —Anne Hanna.

✣ ✣

When you see a Senior all dressed up like a five-and-ten cent store window, you know she is going to have her picture taken.

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The Unthinkable

Estelle B. not knowing her lessons at all times.
Kathryn D. without her lovely curls.
Elsie W. with a low per cent.
Helen Long not so short.
Ruth R. without a crush.
Mildred B. unable to explain herself out of any difficulty.
Angela S. not having her Virgil prepared.
Catherine S. reduced to silence.
Leonilda P. not collecting dues.
Rita S. not "busy" on important occasions, such as the night of the Senior play.
Nettie R. carrying her own books.
Dorothy R. with equanimity ever disturbed.
Grace G. late for school.
Marion H. prepared for Oral English.
Marie B. at a loss for a suitable word.
Margaret K. without "perfect poise of body."
Katherine C. on time mornings.
Cecilia F. not having an excuse ready for any occasion.
Florence R. not getting sleepy during the second afternoon period.
Anne H. without her hair beautifully "crimped."
Emma G. not so quiet.
Helen C. separated from her chum, Lucile M.
Lucile M. without her twin, Helen C.
Avis C. speaking in other than her usual tone of voice.
Martha R. ever excited.
Agnes R. not so shy.
Adelaide R. without her chum, Agnes.
Helen Dunn and Helen Oster not together.
Isabel M. at a loss for a correct answer.
Ruth S. at exercises.
Sadie M. with blue eyes instead of brown.
Jean McL. ever perturbed.
Rosalie P. at school every day.
Madeline S. with her French lesson prepared.
Catherine S. in the lunch-room at noon.
Anna H. not impersonating ? ? ?
Frances B. without her hair curled.
Laura O'N. absent from school.
Monica B. with low-heeled shoes.
Alma G. without her beautiful light hair.
Helen W. not so timid.
Bessie C. not getting up a party of some kind. —M. E. H.

✣ ✣

Our School

There is a spot our hearts call home;
It crowns a pleasant hill;
A beacon there, through gleam or gloom,
It points us mornward still.

About it cling white dreams
And rainbow-tinted joy,
While golden girlhood beams
In bliss without alloy. —M. Harrison.

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Seniors

How a senior looks, you ask?
Glance about and you will see.
Varied surely is our class,
But seniors all are we.

First we have our little tots,
Heads with "freshy" curls bedecked,
Charming little dainty frocks,
Which their childishness reflect.

Then the ranks that fall between
"Sophs" and Juniors blithe and gay.
Except for their uncertain mien,
Promising are they.

Then we have the senior true,
Tall and fair and passing bright,
Hair done up (mere babes no more),
Ready for their coming flight.

—Estelle C. Biedenbach.

✣ ✣

A Task

My task is set—to write in verse,
So call at once the household nurse;
And let a doctor ready be,
If I should read my verse to thee.

Our teacher calls it exercise,
Our teacher, understand, is wise;
But mine is not the art, you see,—
Would that some muse the gift might gie!

Or dactyl or iambic feet,
Both with dire horrors are replete;
Pentameters quite drive me mad
And make my teacher passing sad.

—Ruth M. Sullivan.

✣ ✣

Sewing

Sewing! sewing! sewing!
So regular every week,
With needles, pins and scissors
And sewing teacher sweet.

These towels must be finished
In patterns bright and gay,
Our work must be in earnest,
If we expect an A.

At last our work is ended,
The towels are complete,
Aglow with dainty borders
That sky and wild rose cheat.

—Sadie B. Murray.

Iron Horse Brand

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Medley

One tempus deux Freshmen á Nazareth came;
Hermanas erant, 'tis true;
Sed they were as different as nocht et day,
En looks y actions, too.

Ambos were quite formosas girls,
K., une petite brunette;
While D. had largas aureas curls,
Non possum her forget.

Now, K. became une greasy grind,
She studied cada day;
She nunca, nunca fell behind,
Ni left su work for play.

Sed D., temo, did poco work,
Amabat pleasure más;
Su daily tasks she'd semper shirk—
Non est bene, n'est-ce pas?

The cuatro anni of high school
Lapsavunt ere they knew;
D. quiso she had kept the rule,
Et podria get through.

The nox of graduation venit,
Et D. shed muchas tears;
She understood ut one should nicht
Vastare high school years. —Cecilia Frey.

✣ ✣

The Lost Pen

(With apologies to Kingsley.)

I once had a new little pen, dears,
The best writing pen in the school;
"Self-filler," my brand new pen, dears,
That sprinkled the floor against rule.

But I lost my new little pen, dears,
As I roamed in the halls one day;
And I searched for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where it lay.

I found my new little pen, dears,
After hunting through desk and through books;
'Tis true it was térribly changed, dears,
You would never know it for looks.

Its dusk, inky contents were gone, dears,
For I shook it (e'en though against rule;)
Yet for all its adventures, 'tis still, dears,
The best writing pen in the school.

—Elsie Waterhouse.

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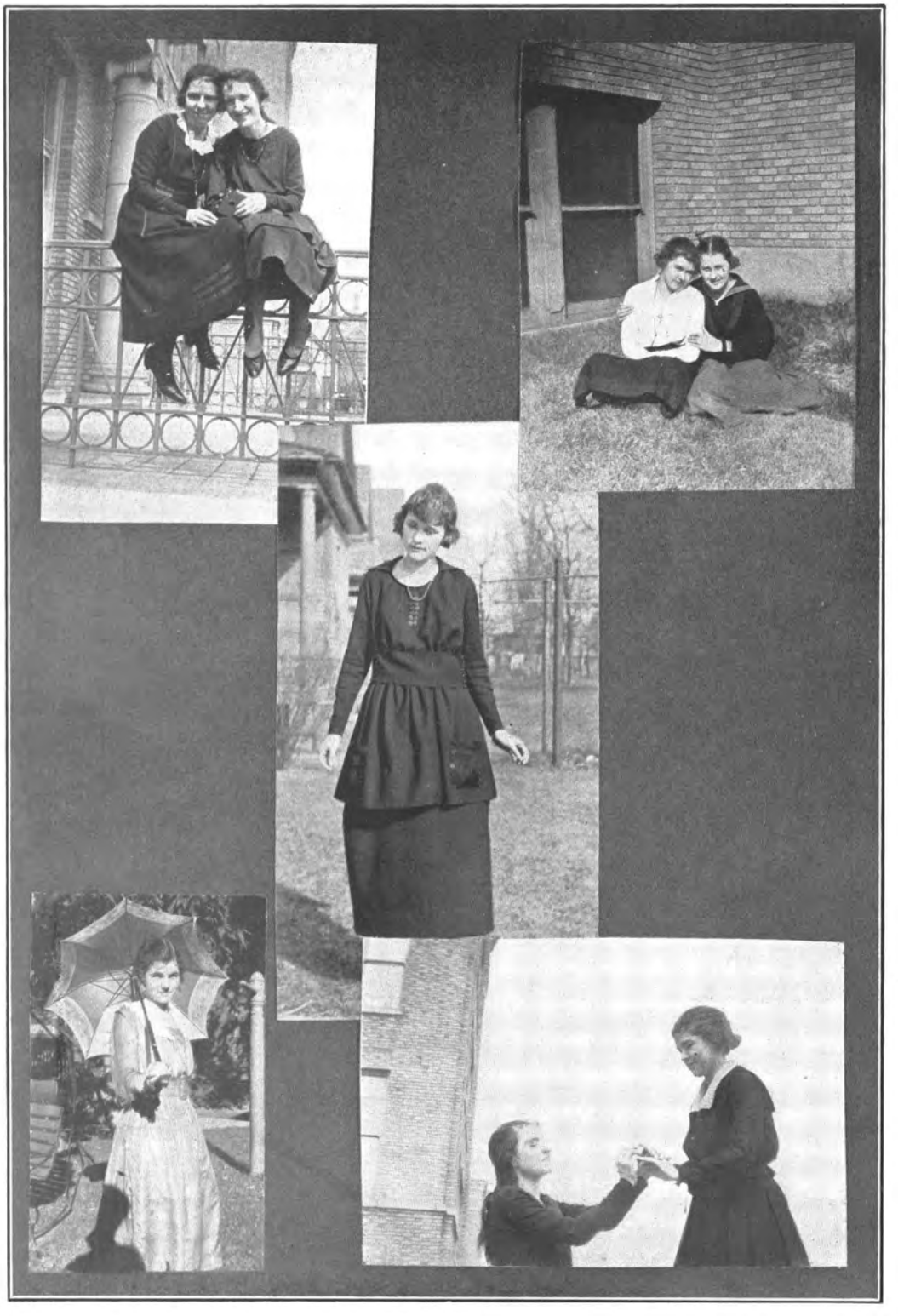

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Our Later Guests

ONE of the last pleasant events in the current history of Nazareth before our Annual goes to press, is the reception given to Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco. Since his arrival in Rochester several days ago, the genial Archbishop had been somehow on our mind, and we were expecting a call to the Auditorium. At last it came on Thursday, May 22nd. The Archbishop was warmly welcomed by the assembled students in quite a stormy way, and finally by a senior, Marie Harrison, who addressed His Grace in the name of the school. The Glee Club rendered a pleasing selection, after which the Archbishop addressed the teachers and students in his own inimitable way. He spoke of the noble traditions of fifty years that stand as a background to the present broadening activities of Nazareth, and of the remembered faces connected with its humbler but worthy and solid beginnings. He spoke feelingly of the deep and powerful influence of women in the great work of the world, and urged the students before him to measure up to the standards of Nazareth and be ready to meet the problems of the world worthily and effectively. At the close of his address the Archbishop gave the students his Episcopal blessing, nor did he disappoint their holiday-loving hearts as his bestowing of a half-holiday testified.

Our chronicle of events closes with the record of a visit from another Army Chaplain, our long-looked-for friend, Rev. George Kettell. The Division to which Father Kettell was assigned was one of the later arrivals, but he was received with all the greater warmth and enthusiasm because of the longer expectation. The students were most eager to hear the story of the Chaplain's experience overseas and were especially pleased with his testimony of the uprightness and real goodness of the American soldiers among whom he labored. It was especially gratifying, as he said, to find that our boys were a source of edification to the people of France for the deep faith and reverence, and the spirit of piety which they evinced.

Like all the rest of our military friends, Father Kettell is glad to be home again, although he brings many pleasant memories of his experiences as well as memories of a sterner character.

✣ ✣

Seniors

Some of us are intelligent;
Some of us just bright,
Some of us are diligent,
But all of us, all right.

—Florence Riley.

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BOTH PHONES

Trouble

It certainly is just awful
When you are late for school,
And know it is unlawful,
And quite against the rule.

My heart goes all a flutter.
What time? Shall I be late?
And all I do is mutter,
"Well then, I know my fate!"

It's surely hard each day to think
Of some excuse to give,
As at 8:55 I rush up stairs,
Wondering how long I'll live.

If I'm as late for Heaven,
As I am at old N. A.
How can I bring the porter down?
And what will St. Peter say?

—H. J. C.

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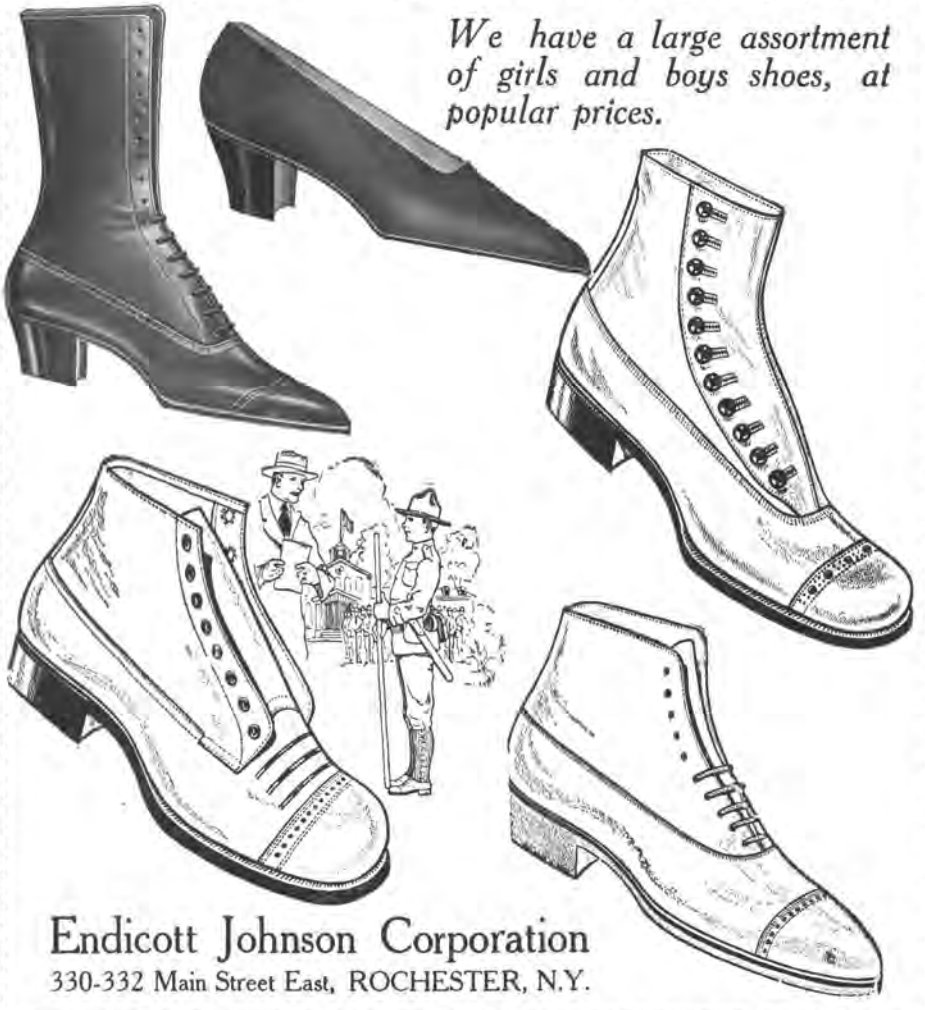

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The high school-bred girl is exceedingly bright,
But the high school girl's head, is it heavy or light?

English teacher requesting an English book—"Grace, please hand me that book."

Grace, studying French—"I'll close it, Sister."

Macauley was "some baby",
We might believe it, maybe
If they didn't make us swallow
Fairy tales too thin and hollow.
His biographers relate
He a history wrote at eight,
There are things we won't believe,
It's beyond us to conceive.

TRANSLATING LATIN

Teacher—Translate "portamus".

Mary—Well **porta** means gate and **mus** means we. But that isn't right because "we gates" (wie gehts) is German.

Newest excuse, good for one day only, March 17.

Tardy Pupil—"Sister, I was almost at school when I had to go home for my green tie."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

When you see the German teacher with a tired, weary look on her face, you know she has just finished the 11:20 to 12:05 German class.

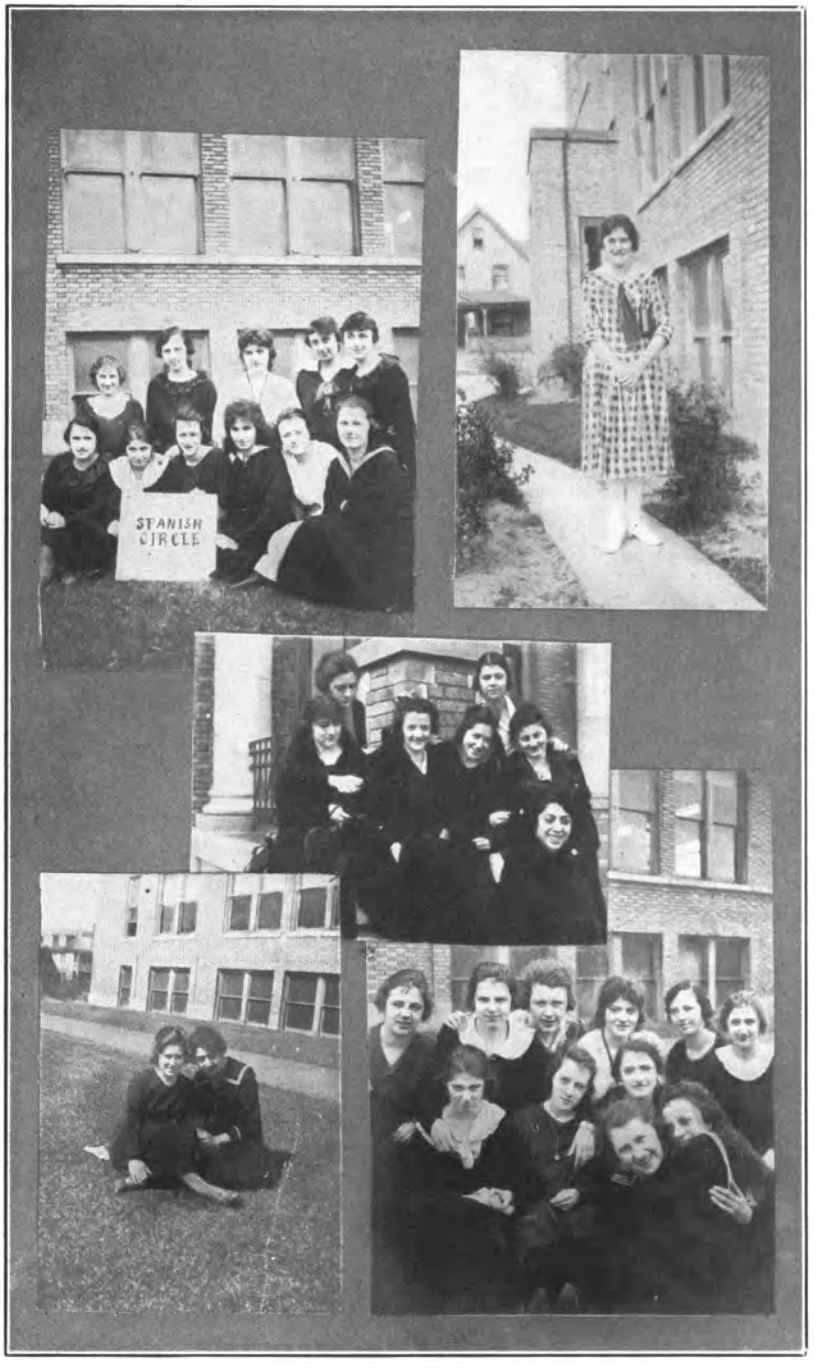
Dentist—Excuse me a moment, please.
Patient—Where are you going?
Dentist—Before beginning my work I must have my drill.
Patient—Can't you even fill a tooth without a rehearsal?

✣ ✣

We were crowded in the street car,
Not a soul would dare to sneeze;
The dread "flu" germs were flying
Like viewless, swarming bees.

A woman in the foremost seat
Began with much ado to sneeze;
At once the people left the car
And "blessed" in French and Portuguese.

—Ruth Richardson.


SPANISH
CIRCLE

A Dirge

Late! late! late!
When you thought you were first on the ground.
Late! late! late!
Nor can one more straggler be found.

Late! late! late!
Tho' you "blest" your alarm when it rang,
Late! late! late!
Tho' you muffled it up with a bang.

Late! late! late!
Tho' you ate but a muffin and cake,
Late! late! late!
Tho' still you're but one half awake.

Late! late! late!
Again must I face the ordeal.
Late! late! late!
O, could I express half I feel!

Late! late! late!
When I dreamed a clean record I'd win,
Late! late! late!
O heinous, O dire, school girl sin!

—C. Seabry.

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